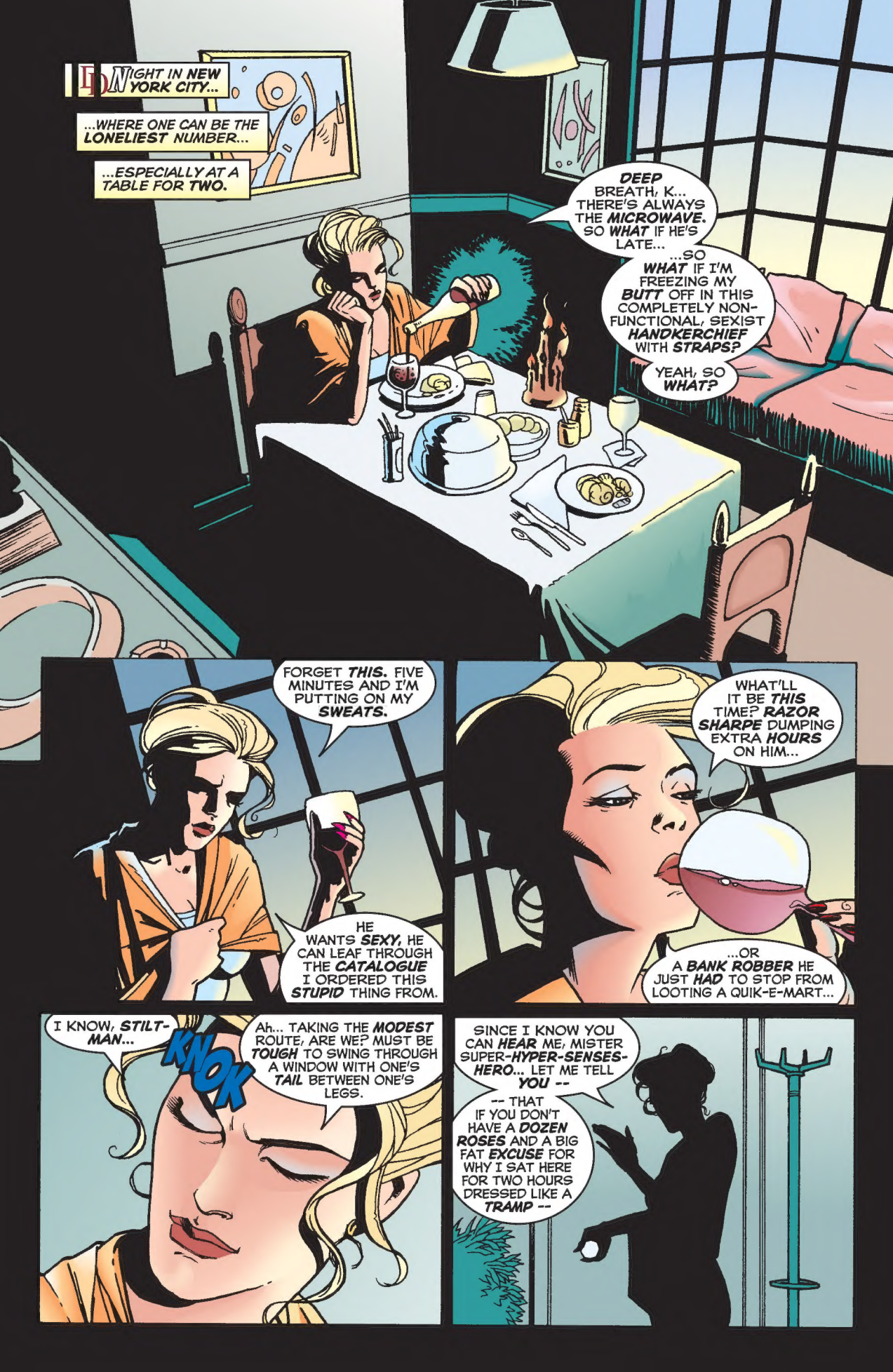
MARVEL COMICS
THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMICS!
DAREDEVIL
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR
NOV
#369
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
KELLY
OLIVETTI
BRITO
AND YOU THOUGHT THE COLD WAR WAS OVER?
THINK AGAIN!


ONE NIGHT IN NEW YORK CITY...
...WHERE ONE CAN BE THE LONELIEST NUMBER...
...ESPECIALLY AT A TABLE FOR TWO.
DEEP BREATH, K... THERE'S ALWAYS THE MICROWAVE. SO WHAT IF HE'S LATE...
...SO WHAT IF I'M FREEZING MY BUTT OFF IN THIS COMPLETELY NON-FUNCTIONAL, SEXIST HANDKERCHIEF WITH STRAPS?
YEAH, SO WHAT?
FORGET THIS. FIVE MINUTES AND I'M PUTTING ON MY SWEATS.
HE WANTS SEXY, HE CAN LEAF THROUGH THE CATALOGUE I ORDERED THIS STUPID THING FROM.
WHAT'LL IT BE THIS TIME? RAZOR SHARPE DUMPING EXTRA HOURS ON HIM...
...OR A BANK ROBBER HE JUST HAD TO STOP FROM LOOTING A QUIK-E-MART...
I KNOW, STILT-MAN...
KNOK
Ah... TAKING THE MODEST ROUTE, ARE WE? MUST BE TOUGH TO SWING THROUGH A WINDOW WITH ONE'S TAIL BETWEEN ONE'S LEGS.
SINCE I KNOW YOU CAN HEAR ME, MISTER SUPER-HYPER-SENSES-HERO... LET ME TELL YOU --
-- THAT IF YOU DON'T HAVE A DOZEN ROSES AND A BIG FAT EXCUSE FOR WHY I SAT HERE FOR TWO HOURS DRESSED LIKE A TRAMP --

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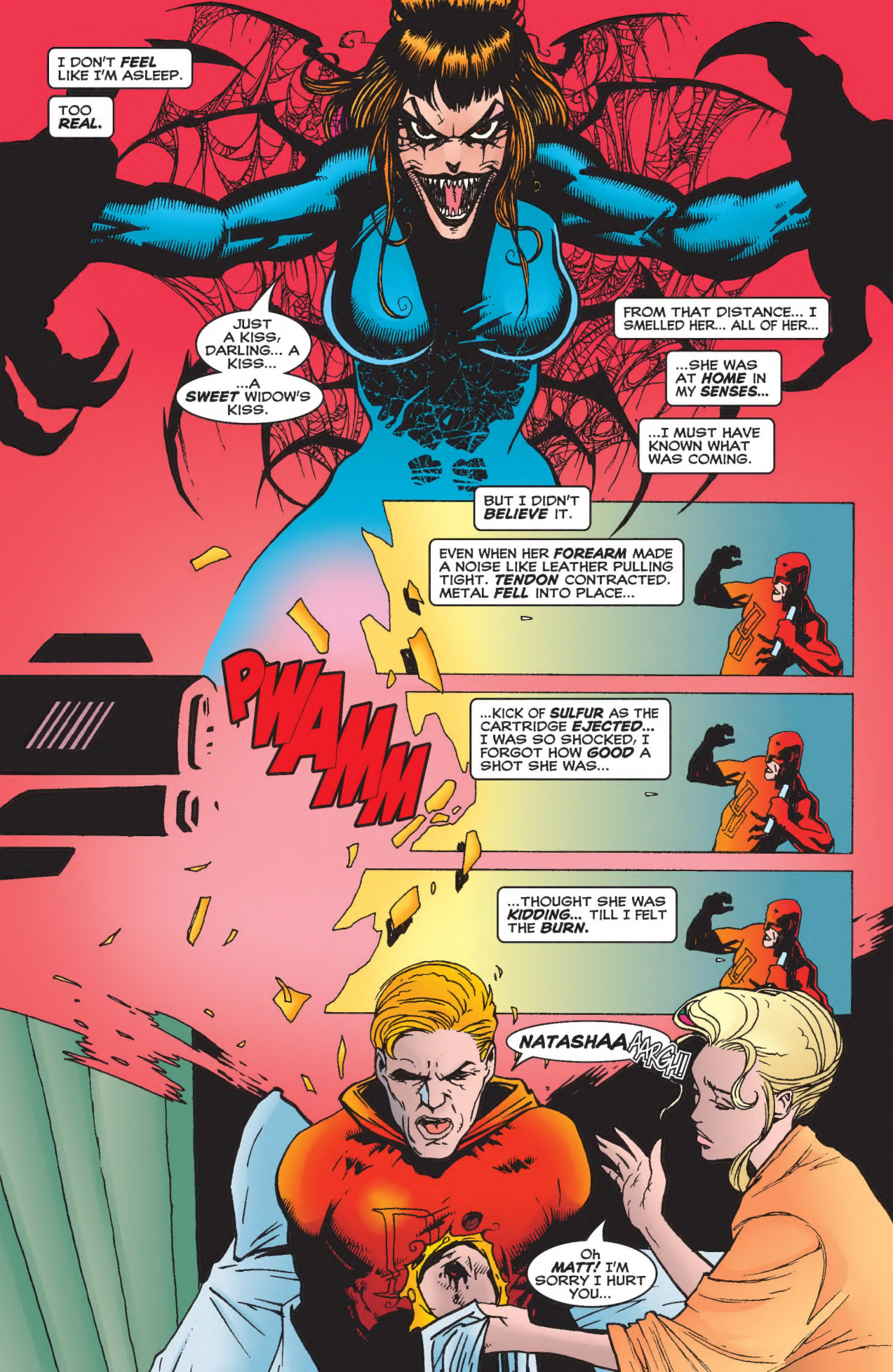
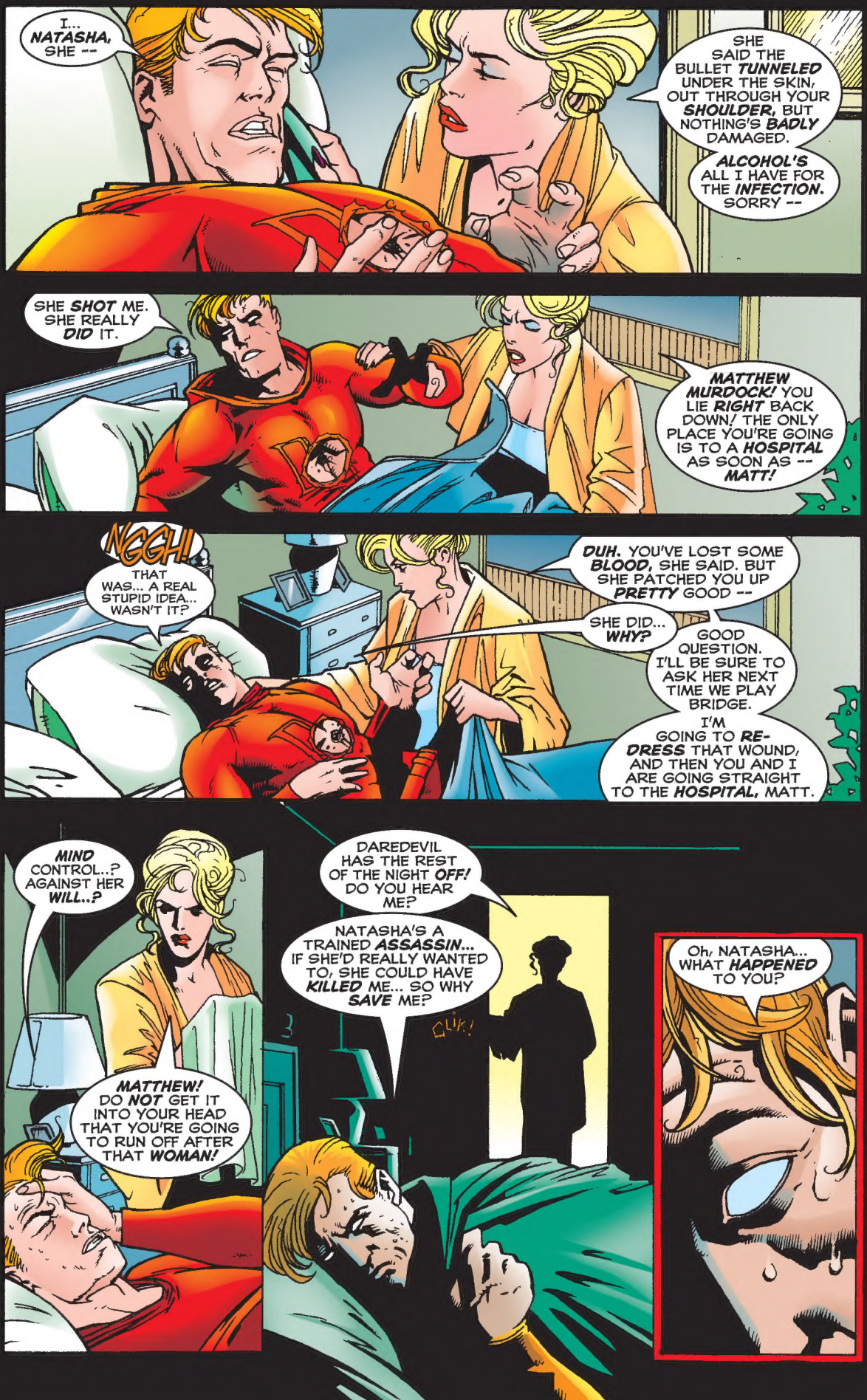
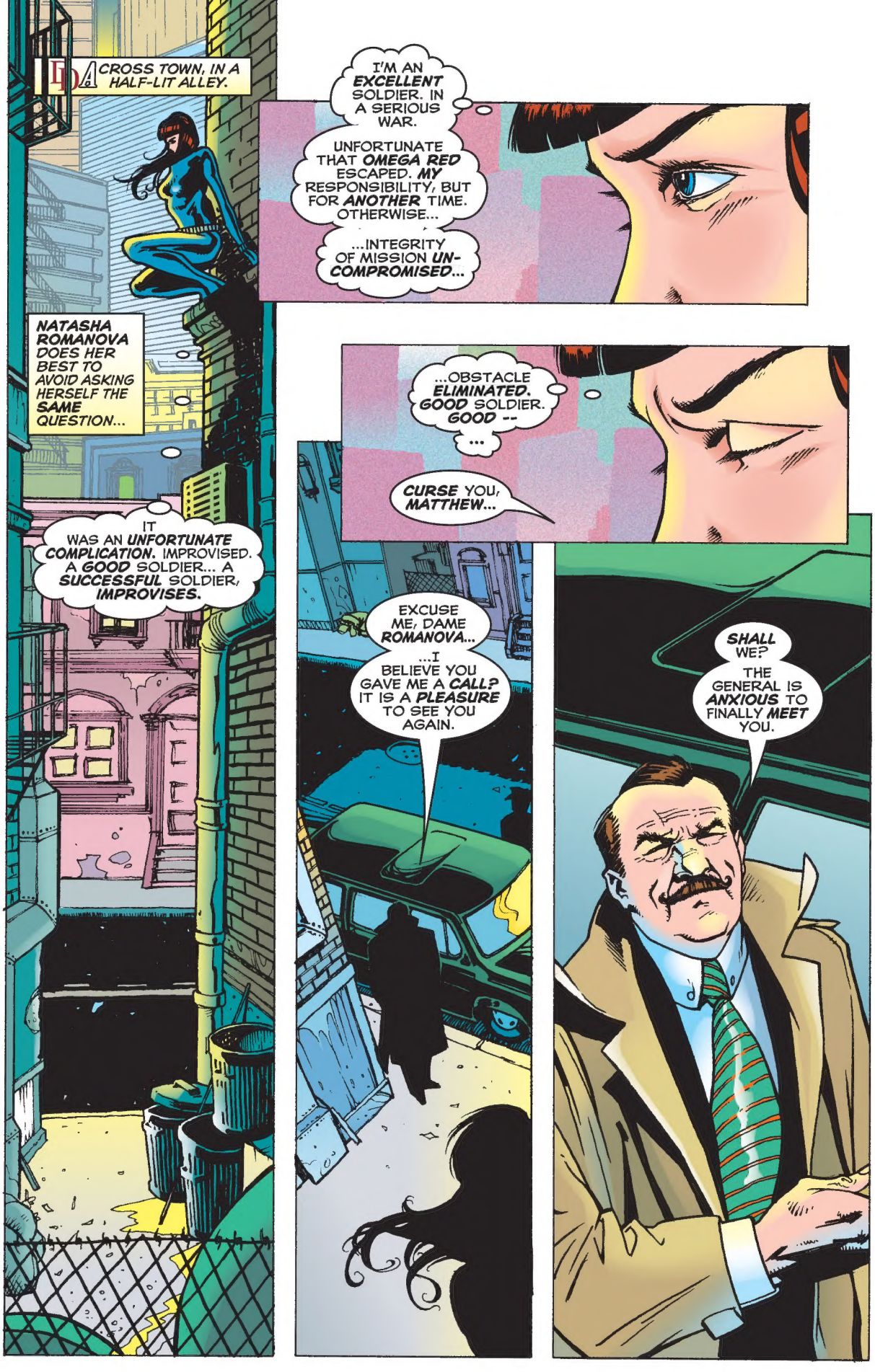
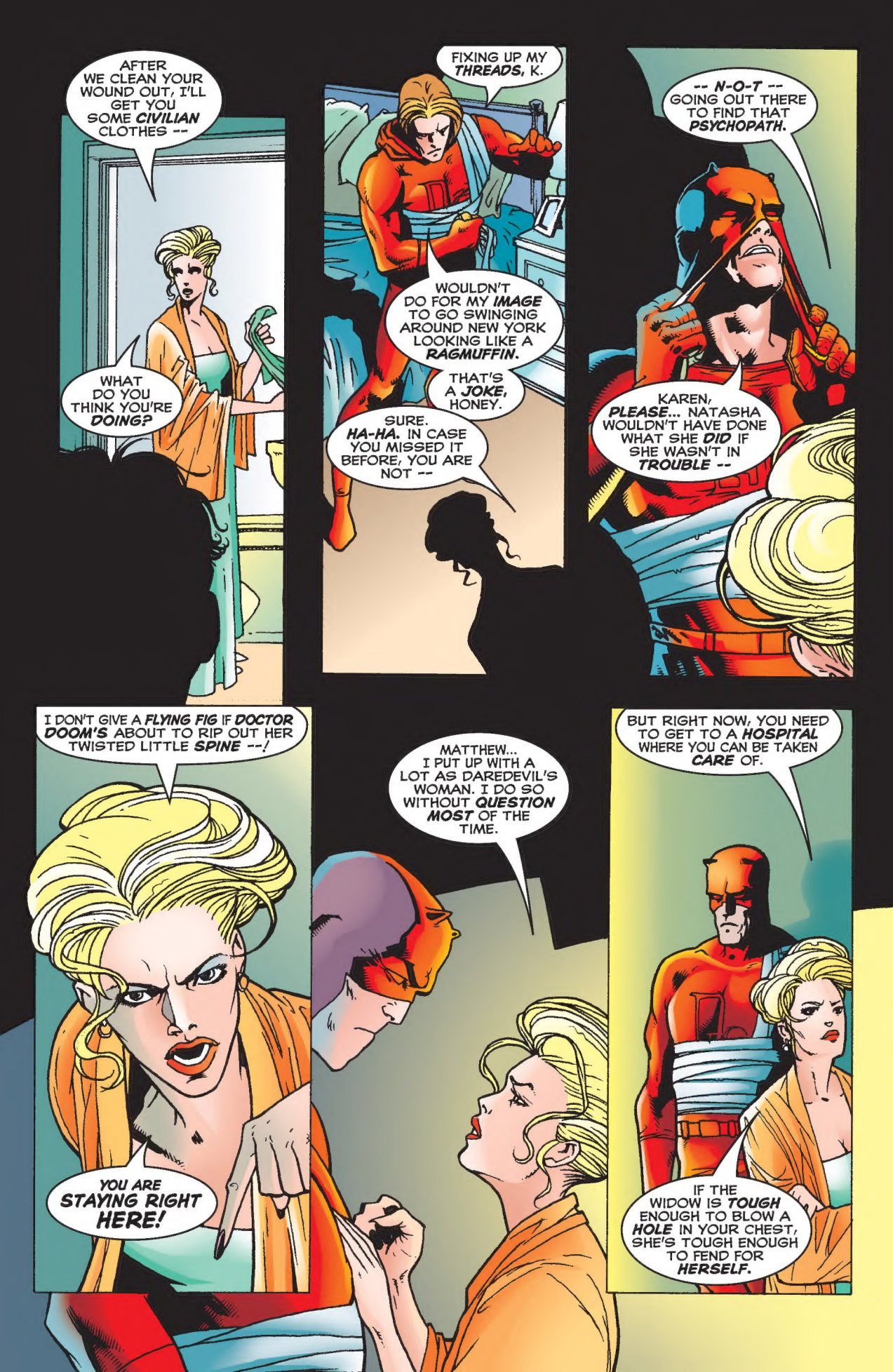
BRIGHTON BEACH, A SMALL CURIO SHOP SPECIALIZING IN RUSSIAN IMPORTS...
THIS WAS THE ASTONISHING SCENE EARLIER TODAY WHEN THE FORMER AVENGER, BLACK WIDOW...
...SHOT AND APPARENTLY KILLED THE COSTUMED CRIME-FIGHTER KNOWN AS DAREDEVIL...
SO... THE WIDOW HAS SPUN HER DEADLY WEB OVER THE DAREDEVIL...
THIS IS... MOST UNEXPECTED.
AND MOST CONVENIENT, GENERAL TSKAROV...
...THEN TOOK HIS BODY TO PARTS UNKNOWN. THE AVENGERS' PRESS AGENT WAS UNAVAILABLE FOR COMMENT...
I CAN REACH HER. WE HAVE A PAST... SHE'S FALLEN.
TRUE. FALLEN SO FAR... SO FAR...
...OR IS IT TOO FAR, DAVIDOFF... TOO CONVENIENT?
SHE IS IDEAL FOR OUR NEEDS, GENERAL. HER LEADERSHIP AND TACTICAL ABILITIES, COMBINED WITH OUR SOON TO BE REUNITED COMRADES...
...THE POWER AT YOUR DISPOSAL WILL BE GLORIOUS!
YOUR ENTHUSIASM IS NOTED, DAVIDOFF... BUT REMEMBER, SHE IS NOT CALLED THE WIDOW WITHOUT REASON...
...I WOULD RECOMMEND A PROLONGED COURTSHIP BEFORE YOU RUSH INTO THE MARRIAGE.
BRING HER HERE TONIGHT.


I DON'T *FEEL* LIKE I'M ASLEEP.
TOO *REAL*.
JUST A KISS, DARLING... A KISS...
...A *SWEET* WIDOW'S KISS.
FROM THAT DISTANCE... I SMELLED HER... ALL OF HER...
...SHE WAS AT *HOME* IN MY *SENSES*...
...I MUST HAVE KNOWN WHAT WAS COMING.
BUT I DIDN'T *BELIEVE* IT.
EVEN WHEN HER *FOREARM* MADE A NOISE LIKE LEATHER PULLING TIGHT. *TENDON* CONTRACTED. METAL *FELL* INTO PLACE...
PWAMM
...KICK OF *SULFUR* AS THE CARTRIDGE *EJECTED*... I WAS SO SHOCKED, I FORGOT HOW *GOOD* A SHOT SHE WAS...
...THOUGHT SHE WAS *KIDDING*... TILL I FELT THE *BURN*.
NATASHAAAARGH!
Oh *MATT!* I'M SORRY I HURT YOU...


I... NATASHA, SHE --
SHE SAID THE BULLET TUNNELED UNDER THE SKIN, OUT THROUGH YOUR SHOULDER, BUT NOTHING'S BADLY DAMAGED.
ALCOHOL'S ALL I HAVE FOR THE INFECTION. SORRY --
SHE SHOT ME. SHE REALLY DID IT.
MATTHEW MURDOCK! YOU LIE RIGHT BACK DOWN! THE ONLY PLACE YOU'RE GOING IS TO A HOSPITAL AS SOON AS -- MATT!
NGGH!
THAT WAS... A REAL STUPID IDEA... WASN'T IT?
DUH. YOU'VE LOST SOME BLOOD, SHE SAID. BUT SHE PATCHED YOU UP PRETTY GOOD --
SHE DID... WHY?
GOOD QUESTION. I'LL BE SURE TO ASK HER NEXT TIME WE PLAY BRIDGE.
I'M GOING TO RE-DRESS THAT WOUND, AND THEN YOU AND I ARE GOING STRAIGHT TO THE HOSPITAL, MATT.
MIND CONTROL..? AGAINST HER WILL..?
MATTHEW! DO NOT GET IT INTO YOUR HEAD THAT YOU'RE GOING TO RUN OFF AFTER THAT WOMAN!
DAREDEVIL HAS THE REST OF THE NIGHT OFF! DO YOU HEAR ME?
NATASHA'S A TRAINED ASSASSIN... IF SHE'D REALLY WANTED TO, SHE COULD HAVE KILLED ME... SO WHY SAVE ME?
CLIK!
Oh, NATASHA... WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?


ACROSS TOWN, IN A HALF-LIT ALLEY.
NATASHA ROMANOVA DOES HER BEST TO AVOID ASKING HERSELF THE SAME QUESTION...
IT WAS AN UNFORTUNATE COMPLICATION. IMPROVISED. A GOOD SOLDIER... A SUCCESSFUL SOLDIER, IMPROVISES.
I'M AN EXCELLENT SOLDIER. IN A SERIOUS WAR.
UNFORTUNATE THAT OMEGA RED ESCAPED. MY RESPONSIBILITY, BUT FOR ANOTHER TIME. OTHERWISE...
...INTEGRITY OF MISSION UN-COMPROMISED...
...OBSTACLE ELIMINATED. GOOD SOLDIER. GOOD --
...
CURSE YOU, MATTHEW...
EXCUSE ME, DAME ROMANOVA...
...I BELIEVE YOU GAVE ME A CALL? IT IS A PLEASURE TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
SHALL WE?
THE GENERAL IS ANXIOUS TO FINALLY MEET YOU.


AFTER WE CLEAN YOUR WOUND OUT, I'LL GET YOU SOME CIVILIAN CLOTHES --
WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU'RE DOING?
FIXING UP MY THREADS, K.
WOULDN'T DO FOR MY IMAGE TO GO SWINGING AROUND NEW YORK LOOKING LIKE A RAGMUFFIN.
THAT'S A JOKE, HONEY.
SURE. HA-HA. IN CASE YOU MISSED IT BEFORE, YOU ARE NOT --
-- N-O-T -- GOING OUT THERE TO FIND THAT PSYCHOPATH.
KAREN, PLEASE... NATASHA WOULDN'T HAVE DONE WHAT SHE DID IF SHE WASN'T IN TROUBLE --
I DON'T GIVE A FLYING FIG IF DOCTOR DOOM'S ABOUT TO RIP OUT HER TWISTED LITTLE SPINE --!
YOU ARE STAYING RIGHT HERE!
MATTHEW... I PUT UP WITH A LOT AS DAREDEVIL'S WOMAN. I DO SO WITHOUT QUESTION MOST OF THE TIME.
BUT RIGHT NOW, YOU NEED TO GET TO A HOSPITAL WHERE YOU CAN BE TAKEN CARE OF.
IF THE WIDOW IS TOUGH ENOUGH TO BLOW A HOLE IN YOUR CHEST, SHE'S TOUGH ENOUGH TO FEND FOR HERSELF.

NOW, I'M GOING TO COUNT TO THREE. WHEN I GET THERE, I'M GOING TO TURN AROUND, AND SEE YOU, COAT IN HAND, READY TO GO TO THE ER.
IF I DON'T...
...WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A PROBLEM.
KAREN, PLEASE... DON'T DO --
ONE...
TWO...
I DON'T KNOW WHICH IS WORSE...
...THE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ACHES AND PAINS SHREDDING ACROSS MY BODY EVERY TIME I EVEN THINK ABOUT TAKING A DEEP BREATH...
...OR THE FACT THAT KAREN IS ONE HUNDRED PERCENT, INCONTROVERTIBLY RIGHT...
...AND I JUST WALKED OUT ON HER.

BUT WHETHER THE WIDOW HAS GONE OVER THE EDGE, OR IS ACTING AGAINST HER WILL...
...I CAN'T SIT BY AND JUST *WATCH* THINGS HAPPEN... NOT TO A *FRIEND*.
NATASHA'S APARTMENT IS PROBABLY THE *LAST* PLACE I SHOULD LOOK FOR HER. CHANCES ARE SHE DIDN'T *SWING* BY FOR A *SNACK* AFTER *PERFORATING* ME...
--OR *TEN*? *WHOA*.
...BUT ONE NEVER *KNOWS*. MAYBE SHE GOT *SLOPPY* AND LEFT BEHIND A *CLUE* --
VIBRATIONS COMING THROUGH NATASHA'S *WINDOWS* PAINT THE PICTURE FOR ME...
...THE BLACK WIDOW'S GOT A LOT MORE THAN DEAD *BUGS* WAITING FOR HER BACK AT THE *WEB*.
HEAR THE NAME *S.H.I.E.L.D.* BANDIED ABOUT A FEW TIMES, AND EVEN A *BLIND MAN* FIGURES OUT WHO'S COME TO *DINNER*.
HELLO, *THICKENING PLOT*.

HAVE TO FOCUS. BLOCK OUT THE BACKGROUND NOISE OF THE CITY AND TRY TO PICK UP WHAT THEY'RE SAYING...
LUCKILY, AT LEAST ONE OF THE G.I. JOES IS CLOSE ENOUGH FOR ME TO GET BOTH SIDES OF THE CONVERSATION...
BRIGHTON BEACH. BINGO.
YES, COMMANDER DUGAN, SIR -- HER TRACER HAS BEEN DEACTIVATED SO AS NOT TO ALERT ANYONE --
WHAT? YOU SENT HER TO BRIGHTON WITHOUT A TRACKER? WHAT ABOUT BACKUP?
THANKS, BOYS. REMIND ME TO TELL YOU THE ONE ABOUT NICK FURY'S TRICK CIGAR AT THE NEXT S.H.I.E.L.D. POKER NIGHT --
WHA--? I --
N-NO, SIR... SHE INSISTED. Um... SHE ALSO SHOOK OUR TAILING UNIT --
WHAT?! @#$%^&*!
DIZZY... CAN'T MAINTAIN FOOTING -- I -- WHOA!
MAYBE THERE'S ANOTHER WAY TO THE BEACH...
BRIGHTON BEACH? LITTLE ODESSA, PERHAPS? BIG COMMUNITY OF SOVIET IMMIGRANTS... AND OMEGA RED HAD A RUSSIAN ACCENT...
Oh BOY...

GOD DON'T MAKE LONELY GIRRRRLS...
DA DA DA... DA DADA IN THIS WORRLD --
OFF DUTY
SLAM
HEY BUDDY, DON'T BREAK MY SHOES! I'M ONNA DINNER BREAK! CAN'T YOU READ THE SIGN?
SORRY... MY EYES AREN'T SO GOOD SOMETIMES.
HOLEE CARP.
MEANWHILE, BENEATH THE GENERAL'S INNOCUOUS-LOOKING SAMOVAR SHOP...
ARE YOU IN PAIN... MY DARK FLOWER?
YOU CAN END IT, RIGHT NOW... JUST GIVE OF YOURSELF. SHARE YOUR GIFTS WILLINGLY, AS THE REST OF YOUR FAMILY HAS -- AND THIS METAL BEAST WILL NO LONGER BE NECESSARY. PLEASE...
LET ME STOP THE HURTING.

GENERAL, SIR? SHE'S HERE.
EXCUSE ME, DARLING... I MUST GO ENTERTAIN YOUR REPLACEMENT.
I PRAY THAT SHE FARES BETTER ON THE INTERVIEW THAN YOU DID.
THREE CAMERAS... TWO HIDDEN MIKES, INFRA-RED... CERTAINLY MORE, BUT I CAN'T LOOK LIKE I'M LOOKING -- TIGHT SECURITY FOR A CURIO SHOP.
THIS IS NEW YORK. ONE CAN NEVER BE TOO CAREFUL.
Ms. ROMANOVA, THE MAN I'VE BEEN TELLING YOU ABOUT. GENERAL TSKAROV.
THE SNOW WOLF? YOU KEEP IMPRESSIVE COMPANY THESE DAYS, DAVIDOFF. I'M HONORED.
NOT AS MUCH AS I, FAIR ONE. INDEED, YOU ARE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN YOU ARE DEADLY...
I THINK YOU HAVE IT BACKWARDS, GENERAL. IN FACT, I KNOW YOU DO. CAN WE GET DOWN TO BUSINESS?
OF COURSE, ALWAYS THE FOCUSED ONE. PLEASE, SIT. THERE ARE OTHERS WE MUST WAIT FOR...
OTHERS?
YES... BUT THERE WILL BE PLENTY OF TIME TO DISCUSS THEM LATER. FOR NOW... TALK TO ME ABOUT DAREDEVIL.

I'M CLOSE... THE HACK WAS FAMILIAR ENOUGH WITH THE NEIGHBORHOOD TO GET ME WITHIN A FEW BLOCKS OF WHERE I NEEDED TO BE.
AROMA OF UKRANIAN COOKING TICKLES MY NOSE. SHARDS OF A MELODY WRITTEN FROM SOMEWHERE BEHIND THE FORMER IRON CURTAIN REACH MY EARS... SOLID ETHNIC NEIGHBORHOOD.
NATASHA.
IF THINGS WEREN'T SO TWISTED RIGHT NOW, I'D REALLY ENJOY THIS LITTLE TOUR DE SENSES... RIGHT AFTER A WEEK IN BED AND TEN POUNDS OF ASPIRIN.
FEET SPRING OFF OF ALUMINUM, AND THE RECOIL SENDS FIRE UP THROUGH MY CHEST, WAKING ME UP A BIT. I'M GONNA NEED IT...
MARIE
FOCUSING NOW, BLOOD-HOUND MODE, SEARCHING FOR ANY TRACE OF NATASHA...
SHE'S BEEN HERE. RECENTLY. SMALL ENOUGH BUILDING. FINDING HER SHOULD BE A SNAP --
-- HOLD ON... SOUNDS ECHOING UP THROUGH THE GROUND... THERE'S SOMETHING BIG BENEATH ME... A GENERATOR? A CAVERNOUS STRUCTURE --
HAVE TO EXTEND MY SENSES TO THE LIMIT, AND TRUST THAT MY MIND CAN WEATHER THE STORM OF SENSATIONS CRASHING IN LONG ENOUGH TO FIND THE RIGHT BUOY...
SOME-THING ELSE... GUARD DOG?
...THE SCENT BURNED INTO MY MEMORY... ONE I USED TO CONSIDER A SAFE HAVEN...

NICE DOGGIE?
FUNNY THING ABOUT CERTAIN NEW YORK NEIGHBORHOODS...
...WHEN IT GETS DARK, THE PLACE TURNS INTO A ZOO.
I MUST BE MORE BADLY WOUNDED THAN I THOUGHT. NOT ONLY DIDN'T I HEAR BOBO APPROACHING 'TIL THE LAST SECOND...

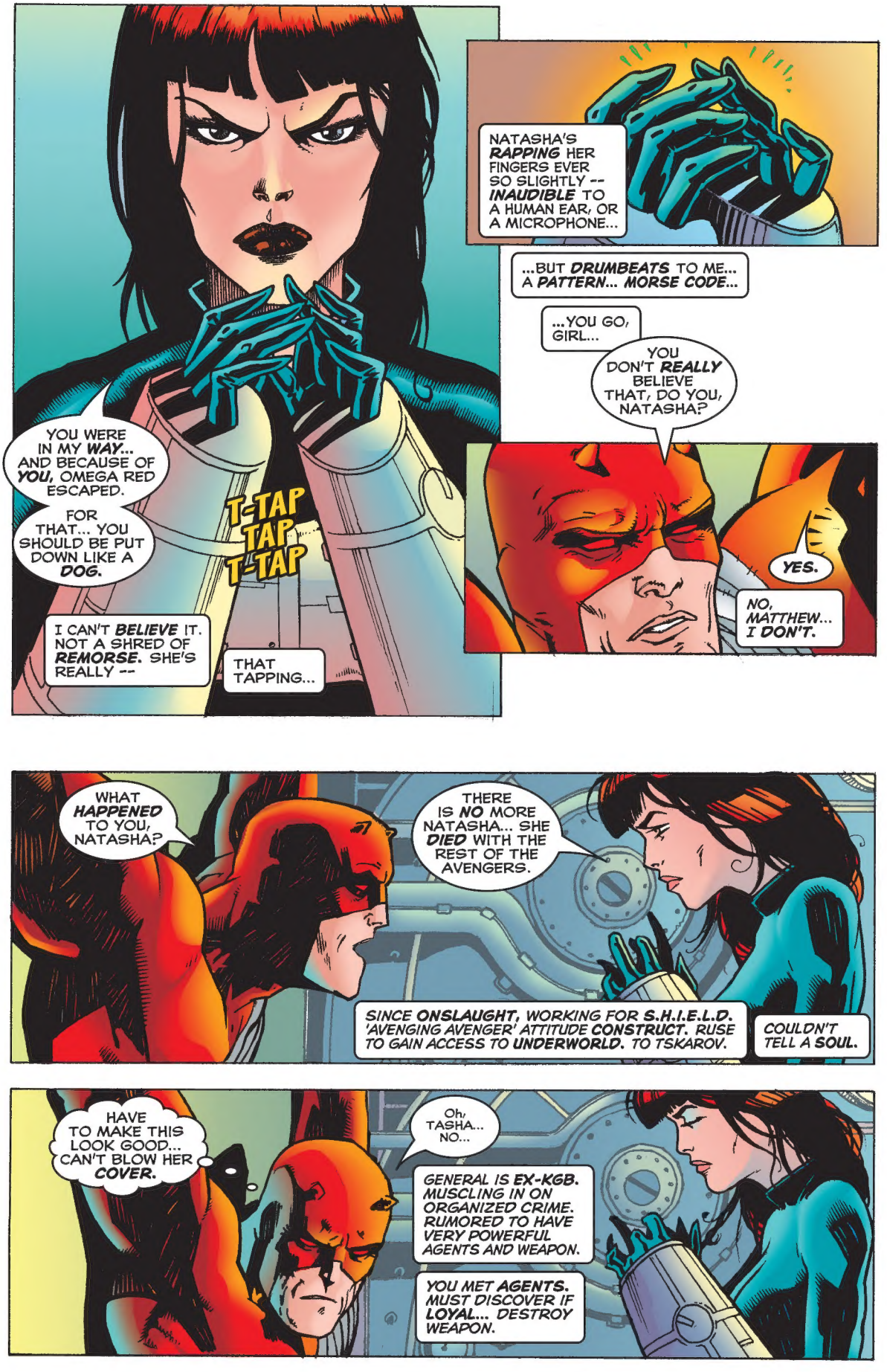
...BUT IF I DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER -- I'D SAY THAT UNDERNEATH THE FOREST MUSK, THIS FELLA SMELLS... HUMAN...
I MUST BE OUT OF MY MIND --
NICOLAI! HE'S COMING TO YOU!
REMOVE ALL HINTS OF SARCASM FROM THAT LAST THOUGHT. I'M CERTIFIABLE.
NICE TRICK, GENTLE BEN-SKI! CAN YOU RIDE ON A UNICYCLE AND JUGGLE BORSCHT TOO?
NOW!
Uh-Oh... ANOTHER HEARTBEAT -- SOMEONE LUNGING AT ME.
OFF BALANCE. CAN'T LEAP AWAY --

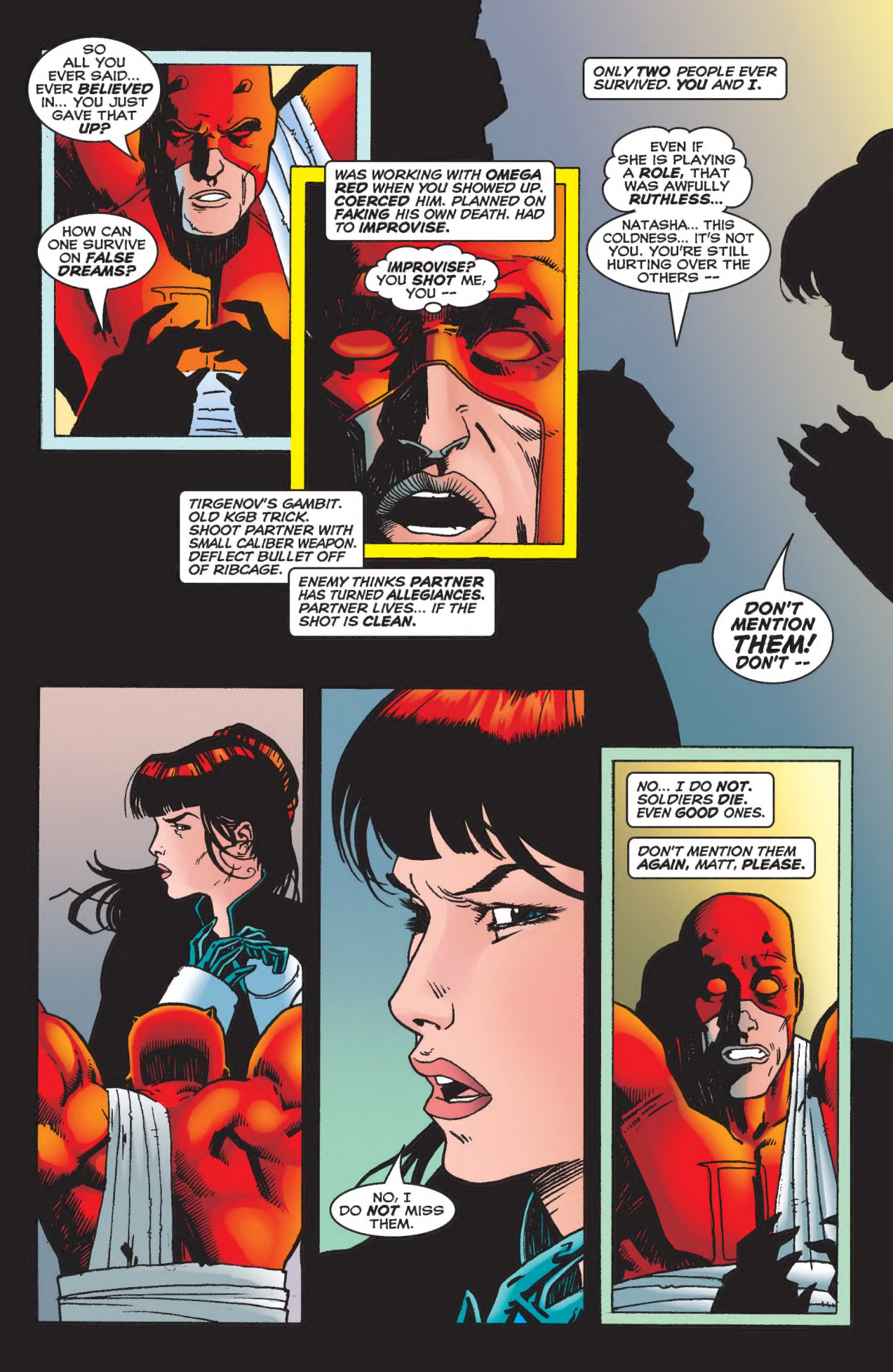
HOW 'BOUT A NICE ROLL, INSTEAD --?
WHOA! I SAID A LITTLE OFF THE TOP! THE TOP --
UNGHH!
STUPID MANEUVER. FORGOT ABOUT MY WOUND.
THE SKIN TEARS OPEN AS I LAND, AND I KNOW IT'S A MATTER OF SECONDS BEFORE MY LONG-JOHNS TAKE ON A DARKER HUE...
LUCKILY, I WON'T BE CONSCIOUS LONG ENOUGH TO CARE...
I'D SAY THAT HIS GRIP IS LIKE STEEL, BUT EVEN FOR THAT CLASSIC CLICHÉ...
...I DON'T...
... HAVE...
... THE...
... BREATH...
...

DAVIDOFF TELLS ME THAT YOUR LAST DANCE WITH THE DEVIL HAS LEFT YOU IN TROUBLE OF A SORT.
CERTAIN PLANS... HAVE GONE AWRY, GENERAL...
... BUT IT'S NOTHING THAT I CAN'T HANDLE--
IF THAT WERE TRUE, DEAR LADY, I DARE SAY WE WOULD NOT BE HAVING THIS CONVERSATION.
YOUR UNIT WAS OBLITERATED DURING THE ONSLAUGHT, EARTH'S MIGHTIEST HEROES KILLED ON YOUR WATCH.
THEN, A SLOW DESCENT INTO VENGEANCE FOR FALLEN COMRADES, BUT WHAT HATH THAT WROUGHT?
THE DEATH OF YOUR FORMER LOVER... DAREDEVIL... BY YOUR OWN HAND.
THAT INCIDENT WAS UNFORTUNATE.
HA! UN-FORTUNATE, SHE SAYS! YOU ARE AS HEARTLESS AS YOUR NAMESAKE--
DO NOT MOCK MY PAIN, GENERAL.
DAREDEVIL WAS A SUPERIOR OPERATIVE... THERE WAS A TIME... WHEN HE WAS MORE.
THAT TIME IS GONE.
THERE CANNOT BE A WAR WITHOUT COLLATERAL DAMAGE. HE DIED BECAUSE HE BECAME WEAK... LIKE THE REST OF THE AVENGERS.
I AM NOT.
NOW, ARE WE REHASHING MY PAST RELATION-SHIPS, OR SHOULD WE TALK ABOUT HAWKEYE NEXT?
NO. THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. IT IS TIME WE GOT DOWN TO BUSINESS...
... AND YOUR FELLOW SOLDIERS HAVE ARRIVED. ENTER, COMRADES...

"I BELIEVE THAT YOU ALL KNOW ONE ANOTHER FROM THE GLORY DAYS OF THE KGB...
"...NATASHA ROMANOVA, I PRESENT MIKHAIL URSUS AND NICOLAI KRYLENKO, OR AS THEY ARE MORE COMMONLY KNOWN IN OUR INTIMATE CIRCLE...
"...URSA MAJOR...
"...AND VANGUARD."
WITH ALL DUE RESPECT TO THE GENERAL AND Ms. ROMANOVA...
...I DON'T BELIEVE THAT THIS IS AN IDEAL TIME FOR REUNIONS.
I SEE.
SO, NATASHA...
...YOUR LIFE HAS JUST BECOME EXTREMELY INTERESTING, NYET?

I LIKE IT HERE. COOL. NOTHING. WHISPER OF A BREEZE.
"DEVIL?"
CAN I STAY?
I'LL GO TO SCHOOL TOMORROW...
WAKE UP! LISTEN TO ME!
FWAPP
WAS THAT ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY? I'M ILL, YOU KNOW. LEAD POISONING --
ARE YOU LISTENING?
WHY DID YOU SHOOT ME?
SO I COULD KILL YOU.
WHY ELSE DOES ONE SHOOT?
STILL GROGGY... CAN'T TELL IF HER HEART IS SKIPPING BEATS... IF SHE'S LYING...
T-TAP TAP T-TAP
BUT GOD HELP ME... I DON'T THINK THAT SHE IS.


NATASHA'S RAPPING HER FINGERS EVER SO SLIGHTLY -- INAUDIBLE TO A HUMAN EAR, OR A MICROPHONE...
...BUT DRUMBEATS TO ME... A PATTERN... MORSE CODE...
...YOU GO, GIRL...
YOU DON'T REALLY BELIEVE THAT, DO YOU, NATASHA?
YES.
NO, MATTHEW... I DON'T.
YOU WERE IN MY WAY... AND BECAUSE OF YOU, OMEGA RED ESCAPED.
FOR THAT... YOU SHOULD BE PUT DOWN LIKE A DOG.
T-TAP TAP T-TAP
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. NOT A SHRED OF REMORSE. SHE'S REALLY --
THAT TAPPING...
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, NATASHA?
THERE IS NO MORE NATASHA... SHE DIED WITH THE REST OF THE AVENGERS.
SINCE ONSLAUGHT, WORKING FOR S.H.I.E.L.D. 'AVENGING AVENGER' ATTITUDE CONSTRUCT. RUSE TO GAIN ACCESS TO UNDERWORLD. TO TSKAROV.
COULDN'T TELL A SOUL.
HAVE TO MAKE THIS LOOK GOOD... CAN'T BLOW HER COVER.
Oh, TASHA... NO...
GENERAL IS EX-KGB. MUSCLING IN ON ORGANIZED CRIME. RUMORED TO HAVE VERY POWERFUL AGENTS AND WEAPON.
YOU MET AGENTS. MUST DISCOVER IF LOYAL... DESTROY WEAPON.


SO ALL YOU EVER SAID... EVER BELIEVED IN... YOU JUST GAVE THAT UP?
HOW CAN ONE SURVIVE ON FALSE DREAMS?
WAS WORKING WITH OMEGA RED WHEN YOU SHOWED UP. COERCED HIM. PLANNED ON FAKING HIS OWN DEATH. HAD TO IMPROVISE.
IMPROVISE? YOU SHOT ME, YOU --
TIRGENOV'S GAMBIT. OLD KGB TRICK. SHOOT PARTNER WITH SMALL CALIBER WEAPON. DEFLECT BULLET OFF OF RIBCAGE.
ENEMY THINKS PARTNER HAS TURNED ALLEGIANCES. PARTNER LIVES... IF THE SHOT IS CLEAN.
ONLY TWO PEOPLE EVER SURVIVED. YOU AND I.
EVEN IF SHE IS PLAYING A ROLE, THAT WAS AWFULLY RUTHLESS...
NATASHA... THIS COLDNESS... IT'S NOT YOU. YOU'RE STILL HURTING OVER THE OTHERS --
DON'T MENTION THEM! DON'T --
NO, I DO NOT MISS THEM.
NO... I DO NOT. SOLDIERS DIE. EVEN GOOD ONES.
DON'T MENTION THEM AGAIN, MATT, PLEASE.

NOT TO QUESTION YOUR JUDGMENT, GENERAL, BUT LOOK AT HER! LISTEN... SHE HAS TURNED!
SHE WAS MERELY MISTAKEN ABOUT THE DEVIL'S STATUS...
NATASHA ROMANOVA IS AN EXCELLENT ACTRESS. THE BEST. YOU WOULD DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT.
YOU WOULD ALSO DO WELL TO REMEMBER THAT IF YOU CHALLENGE ME AGAIN, YOUR TENURE ON THIS PLANET WILL COME TO AN ABRUPT END.
Y-YES, SIR...
ANY DOUBTS ABOUT THE WIDOW'S STATE OF MIND SHALL BE DISPELLED AFTER WE HAVE A PRIVATE SESSION TOGETHER...
...BUT EVEN IF SHE HAS BEEN SENT TO INFILTRATE OUR OPERATION, IT IS NO MATTER.
I NEED ONE MORE SOLDIER, AND SHE WILL BE IT. I CAN BE ESPECIALLY PERSUASIVE WHEN I CARE TO BE...
...ISN'T THAT RIGHT, MY DARKSTAR?
ISN'T THAT RIGHT?
TO BE CONCLUDED IN 30!